

## City and County Brief News Items

White Loaf Flour, \$4.50 per barrel at E. M. & M. store.

Louis Bare, who had been working for Pratt & Sons, left Friday for his home at Davenport, Wash., to spend the winter.

Alfalfa seed for sale at R. S. & Z.

Dr. C. T. Hockett reports two cases of pneumonia at Lostine, La. Hammack's little girl and a child of Matt Cook's have the disease.

Sweet cider made to order. Phone O. J. Roe, Mountain View Fruit Farm. 62147

Come in and look over our store and stock, whether you wish to buy or not. A beautiful line for Christmas presents. Jackson & Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kay are home from a visit with their daughter at Caldwell, and with Mr. Kay's brother at Payette, Ida.

New Drug Store for finest display of imported, Hand-Painted China ever brought to Wallowa county. A splendid present for your wife Christmas. 6546

Individual silk waist patterns at Funk's.

For prompt service call up Vest & Vest market. C. E. Vest, transfer 57.

Mrs. S. R. Haworth and daughter Dorothy, who had been residing here for a couple of months, returned to their La Grande home, Saturday.

Our line of Christmas Candy in Christmas Boxes is complete, Jackson & Weaver. 6546

"Bally," one of the pretty pinetrees that drew Riley's mail and express wagon the past year, died the other day from congestion of the lungs.

Let us have your order for Magazines for Christmas presents. At publisher's price, Jackson & Weaver's drug store. 6546

Sauer kraut, cranberries and sweet potatoes at Funk's.

The people have learned to do their Christmas shopping early. The Enterprise stores are thronged every day with buyers, and the streets, even on stormy days, are lined with teams.

Large assortment of books for the boys and girls for Christmas at the New Drug Store.

Japalac, varnish stains, linseed oil at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

Christmas tree ornaments, candles, bells, candle holders, etc., at Jackson & Weavers. 6546

A. C. Weaver was quite well reminded of his birthday anniversary, December 7 when he received about 200 postcards from old friends at his former home, McClure, Ohio.

Fancy embroidered and drawn work linens at Funk's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Halsey left Thursday for Steuben county, New York, where they will visit for several months. This is Mr. Halsey's first return to his native place since he left there 59 years ago, and he will visit a brother whom he has not seen since the brother was three years old.

Have you been in to hear the Victor Talking Machine at Jackson & Weavers? They are the clearest, plainest, and most perfect talking machine made. 6546

Mrs. Charles Zurcher and children returned home Friday from an extended stay at the seacoast and in the Willamette valley. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Best of Monmouth, came with her for a month's visit here.

Get your winter cabbage and sauer kraut. A. M. Wagner, Enterprise.

Beautiful line of Cut Glass at the New Drug Store. Nothing makes a more appropriate Christmas present. Jackson & Weaver, proprietors. The Litch Building. 6546

M. E. church: Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. Sunday. Subject "The Divinity of Christ." Sunday school at 10 a. m. Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. C. E. Trueblood, pastor.

See the fine line of Dolls at the New Drug Store. Everything new. Nothing carried over from former years. Look there, Jackson & Weaver, proprietors. 6546

La Grande Observer: Mrs. Dr. F. E. Moore arrived in La Grande Tuesday from Enterprise to visit a few days. While in the city she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Van Buren and will also remain to attend the meeting of the 500 club, of which she was formerly a member, which will be held Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. William Allison on Penn avenue.

Call at the New Drug Store when in Enterprise, and look over our brand new store and new stock. Everything first-class from top to bottom. Jackson & Weaver, proprietors. The Litch bldg. 6546

Popcorn and corn poppers at Funk's.

## A CHRISTMAS AT CAPE HORN.

ONCE I had a shipmate who celebrated the most grateful Christmas of his life at the Horn.

It was on the Mary Ann, in December, 1897. She was a deep cut steel clipper, but she was a four masted bark, and four masted barks are all agly in heavy seas. The best sea boat afloat will plunge at Cape Horn, but four masted barks are all the time under water. Sometimes they are swamped altogether and float waterlogged around the Horn. Then the current pushes them south to perish in the ice jam.

Some sailors can be likened to the four masted barks. They are the sailors who have been too long away from home. All sailors plunge liberally into shore life, but the "too long away from home" fellows are, as a rule, swamped in shore life's breakers.

One of my mates on the Mary Ann was Bob Jones, a typical "too long away from home" unfortunate. But Bob still had somebody dear to his heart. He had started on more than one trip around the world with the set determination that the end of the voyage should see him rejoin his own loved ones at home.

But on pay day at the end of his trips his good resolutions had been broken. It had often gone so, and Bob was hiding self despair under the grim surface of a man hating man.

Bob and I, with twelve other Yankees, Dutchmen and Swedes, were on the starboard watch under Chief Mate Dickson of the Mary Ann. When we went below on Christmas eve the sea was running high. Sleet and hail came down in the squalls. The western gale had trimmed our sails down to the lower topsails.

We had hardly fallen asleep when we heard the mnn at the wheel strike one bell. Before the signal for "All hands on deck" was answered forward Bob and I were out of our bunks and had our sea boots on.

"What's up now?" growled Bob, and he got his answer from Jimmy, the deck boy, who came rushing in without preliminary warning.

"Rise, rise, rise, sleepers! Weather ship for icebergs on the leeward bow. Rise, rise, rise!"

The watch on deck was already setting the fore staysail to head the vessel off the wind. She was running easy when we came on deck, and the storm sparker was hauled out to bring the vessel to the wind on the other tack.

Bob was sent forward to furl the fore staysail. The rest of us went to the braces and pulled the yards in to starboard. Then came the ugliest part of the job. Slowly the Mary Ann turned to face her foe again. But before she could head her bow against the mighty seas they broke over her from stem to stern.

Bob came aft from the staysail to join us just as we all jumped out of the way, for a big breaker came thundering over the weather rail.

The breaker caught Bob at the fore backstays. He jumped up and put his arm through the coils of the fore sheet, hanging in straps in the royal backstays.

The straps were rotten, and Bob and the coil sheet rope dropped and disappeared in the boiling deck waters. The waters surged to leeward and carried a dark object with them.

The skipper threw a life buoy from the poop.

"Poor Bob!" said everybody to himself. It was all we could do for him. Bob was gone, and there seemed to be no help for it.

We had the Mary Ann snug at last. Our watch had still an hour more below, not long enough to make it worth while to crawl into our bunks, and we lighted our pipes, lay down on our chests and discussed poor Bob.

Bill, who was Bob's own chum, went to Bob's bunk and overhauled the things.

"It is enough to make anybody ripping mad to think of a rotten old strap checking a poor fellow overboard," mused Bill. "Christmas night too. Say, boys, when we auction this stuff off we've got to show Bob up handsome to his friends."

It must be explained that when sailors' stockings of poor Bob's folks. The chief mate, Dickson, good naturedly consented that the auction should be held then and there and came to the forecastle with pencil and paper to record the sales as fast as they were made.

"Here you are, boys—here you are! Get your money ready. The greatest Cape Horn sale ever held will now start," rasped the old chief. "First

article is a valuable straw pillow. Remember what Bill Shakespeare says, 'Tweedy rents the head that hasn't got a pillow.' What am I bid? Two dollars? Thank you! Three—four—five—six—six I have. Cape Horn prices, gentlemen. Eight—ten—ten—are you all done? Tom, you can have it for \$10. You may get a better one in San Francisco for 50 cents, but you can't duplicate it for \$30 within a thousand miles of this place.

"Next article is a handsome stand-up linen collar. It has only been worn by poor Bob in Liverpool and can be washed absolutely clean for the small price of 5 cents. It is the only article of its kind that has ever been for sale at Cape Horn. What am I bid—a dollar—two, two-fifty, three-fifty, four—four—are you all done? Sold to Dick for \$4. Dick is a sport now. Wait a minute; there is a button in the back of the collar. You will have to buy the button separately, Dick."

And so each worn and patched garment of poor Bob was sold at "Cape Horn prices." Bob's shipmates took care that none of them contributed less than a month's wages to Bob's final pay day.

The mate at last put his hand to the bottom of Bob's chest, and from a corner he brought up a bundle of papers wrapped in an old piece of canvas tied together with yellow silken cigar bands. The mate held the bundle thoughtfully in his hand. He hesitated to trespass.

"Open it up!" shouted the men in chorus.

"Hem! Well, we will see what is in it anyway," assented the mate.

When the canvas cover was opened a score of letters in soiled and torn envelopes dropped out.

"I see no harm in letting you fellows get a little home sentiment out of these old letters," said the mate, "but you must not keep them. They must be forwarded to Bob's friends. You boys can bid for the privilege of reading the letters."

Dick for \$9 bought the right to first pick. He took the best preserved envelope and its inclosure and went away to read the letter.

The sale continued, letter after letter fetching a neat sum. Half the letters were sold when Dick came from his corner and interrupted the sale. He looked troubled and shook his head in his fingers.

"Boys, this letter is from the girl," said he. "She's a dandy. Bob was no good. He didn't go home when he was paid off in Liverpool; he didn't go home from New York; he didn't go home from San Francisco when he could have made the trip in a day. The girl is waiting yet."

The mate, who had been intently reading one of the letters, here interrupted.

"Bob's mother is getting old, and she is poor. She does not ask for money, however. All she wants is her boy. He will never return to her now. Poor Bob's mother! Poor Bob!"

At four bells the lookout gave us his "All's well! Side lights burning bright." Suddenly he began to beat the forward bell like mad.

The lookout was shouting and waving his arms from the forecastle head, where he stood clinging to the rail. When we reached the fore part of the house the lookout attracted our attention to a dark object leaning limply against the starboard lighthouse.

It was Bob Jones. We carried him into the forecastle. The mate and the whisky bottle were brought forward, and Bob slowly came to his senses.

"I was slambanned something fearful, boys," drawled Bob. "That breaker caught me right, and the blamed strap broke. Then over she rolled to leeward!"

"And I saw you go over the side," interrupted Dick.

"Not I. It may have been the sheet coil," continued Bob. "I was washed away up under the forecastle head. I guess I went clean off in a faint after I had crawled to a dry place. When I woke up I made for the forecastle, but I couldn't make it. I dropped right off again at the lighthouse."

When Bob had been bandaged up and given a warm breakfast he was the old Bob once more.

The boys poked lots of fun at him when they returned his things to him.

"Hold on, boys; let us make a bargain with Bob," the imperative Dick broke in. "Here is my Bible. If Bob will swear to go home to his mother and the girl from San Francisco he can take the auction money along as a Christmas present."

"That's right! Come on, Bob. Swear, man, swear!"

"I do, so help me, God, and a merry Christmas to you all, boys!" sobbed Bob. "I will go home, boys—I will!" And he did.—Philadelphia Ledger.



A VALUABLE STRAW PILLOW.



BOB AND THE ROPE DROPPED.



IT WAS BOB JONES.

## FANCY WAISTCOATS.

Introduced by an English Monarch by Way of Economy.

The waistcoat—when at least it is a "fancy vest"—is the last remaining vestige of the gorgeousness which was once displayed in men's dress, and on Oct. 15, 1692, Peppy's chronicles its first appearance on the person of Charles II. The novel garment was a "long cassock," as the diarist terms it, worn close to the body. It was of "black cloth, plucked with white silk under it."

Men will agree that the waistcoat is a convenient and commendable garment, the absence of which would deprive them to speak of no other discomfort, of an invaluable set of pockets. It appears strange, therefore, that it should not have come into being at an earlier date.

Soon after the restoration a sleeveless vest, which likewise left the waist open, was worn under the doublet. It was not a true waistcoat. This style of dress was brought from France by Charles II. From beneath the fullness of shirt exposed by the open vest "the breeches displayed their expanded width," with bunches of ribbon at the waist and lace ruffles below the knees. The doublet worn over the vest was richly laced and embroidered. So costly was this mode of attire that the king resolved to give the lead toward a more economical and sober fashion, and in the fulfillment of this design he donned the new garment, which Peppy's hailed with pleasure.

Such were the circumstances which attended the introduction of the waistcoat. It came in the name of economy and reform, but ere long it developed into as expensive and decorative a garment as any which man has ever taken to himself. Gradually it was extended downward till it almost reached the knees. It was made of the richest materials, and the outer coat was shaped to hang well open to display its magnificence.

Extravagance and love of finery were simply transferred from one style to another, and on the waistcoat was lavished all the embellishment which previously had been bestowed on the breeches. Those flowered and embroidered waistcoats of sherry satin, with laced flaps, may certainly have been less troublesome and fantastic than the preceding fashion, but whether they reduced the wearer's account with his tailor is highly doubtful.

The long flapped waistcoat remained in favor many years. It was still worn by noblemen and gentlemen when George I. was king. In the following reign a somewhat shorter waistcoat was prevalent, and from this time the flap began to decrease in length, instead of reaching almost to the knee it came only halfway down the thigh. As men's dress became more simplified toward the close of the eighteenth century and putting, lace and embroidery were abandoned the flap disappeared.—London Globe.

### The Name "Peppy."

How should "Peppy" be pronounced? Percy Lubbock, who wrote a biography of Samuel Pepys, declares "Peeps." But there are many people living and talking who call themselves "Peppys." In 1679 was published a volume called "Lucida Intervals," by James Carcassee, who was a clerk in the office of Pepys. He did not like Pepys and would have been glad to spell it "Peeps." But he didn't. He wrote: Get thee behind me, then; dumb devil begone.

The Lord hath Ephthatha said to my tongue. Him I must praise who opened hath my lips.

Sent me from navy to the ark by Peppy. From this the London Chronicle concludes that to his contemporary Pepys was "Pips."

### Joe Miller Was Not a Joker.

Joe Miller, who is generally believed to have been the soul of wit, never made a single joke in his life. He was an actor and so grave in manner as to become the butt of other people's hilarity. When any witicism went the round Miller was accused of its authorship, and he would never deny it. He lived an exemplary life and died universally respected. But no sooner was he dead than appeared "Joe Miller's Jests; or, The Wits' Ande Mecum," compiled by "Elijah Jenkins, Esq."—that is to say, forged by John Motley, the Jacobite, just as years before Hobson's "Polly Peachum" and Ben Johnson's "Jests" had been forged.

### The Masculine Wig.

Civilization has to thank the French revolution and the subsequent wars for masculine emancipation from the wig. It was partly the scarcity of flour and the war tax on hair powder that banished the powdered wig, but partly also the lowering influence of Jacobinism. "I do not know the present generation by sight," wrote Napoleon in 1791, complaining that the young men "in their dirty shirts and shaggy hair have leveled nobility as much as the nobility in France have."

### Unfair.

Hazel, aged seven, while feeding the cat at the dinner table was reproved by her father, who told her that the cat must wait until later, whereupon the small girl wept and said:

"I think it is a shame just because she is a poor dumb animal to treat her like a hired girl."—Harper's Magazine.

### But Did She?

"My head aches awfully," she sighed. "If you weren't here I'd take my hair off and rest it."

"What?" he cried.

"I mean down," she corrected.—New York Press.

The corruption of the best becomes the worst.—Latin Proverb.



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## EASY MONEY.

Picked Up by the Sharp Chap Who Bet  
on a Word.

Just by way of showing how easy it is for some men to pick up a few dollars by their wits a young fellow strolled into a cafe the other afternoon and, joining in conversation that was being carried on by convivial spirits, declared he was the most "fortunate" individual on earth. He immediately began telling a story of his personal troubles, but before he had got the narrative well under way there was a chorus of interruptions, and the talkative young man was politely informed that his English needed revising, since he should have used the word "unfortunate" instead of "fortunate."

The newcomer insisted that unfortunate was the correct word to use, and the argument waxed warm. Finally, with a show of heat, the young man who started the trouble declared that while he had only a few dollars he would wager them that he was correct.

So anxious were his friends to lay wagers with him that he did not have money enough to meet all the demands, but he succeeded in putting up \$15 in separate small bets. The men who were certain that the garrulous young man was wrong in the use of the word unfortunate sent out for a dictionary only to find that they had been "stung" on a "sure thing" bet, the big book on spelling showing that unfortunate is perfectly proper and means unfortunate.

"Yes," said the winner of the bets as he pocketed his new portion of wealth, "I have won money on that before. I collected \$10 this afternoon on a similar wager."—Philadelphia Record.

## Orders in Probate.

Dec. 7.—Final account of H. C. Cramer, Admr. of Mary A. Cramer, approved, and Admr. discharged.  
Dec. 7.—Sale of real estate by E. E. Jennings, Admr. of C. E. Jennings, confirmed.  
Dec. 9.—Bond of joint Admr. of J. H. Halsey, approved.  
Dec. 9.—Report of Nancy J. Lapham, guardian of Roy L. Churchill, a minor, approved, and she is ordered to invest such sum as is on hand at interest with sufficient security.  
Dec. 9.—Report of Nancy J. Lapham, guardian of Grace P. Churchill, a minor, approved, and as minor is of age, said guardian is discharged and her bond exonerated.

Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it." Burnaugh & Mayfield.

See S. K. Clark, before buying water pipe and fittings and all plumbing material. He will save money on your bills. Phone blue 7. 6464.

## Ed Rumble Married

From La Grande Observer.

Ed Rumble of the Bokton & Bodmer Company of this city, was married at San Francisco last week to Miss Daisy Starr, whose parents live at Lostine. She has made her home in San Francisco for several years.